

Raspberries enough to put some up,
 (They cost six bucks a case),
 A lilac row, both true and French,
 And then, let's have a space

For volley ball and lawn croquet,
 They'll have to go to Guy's
 For basketball and baseball, too,
 "I'm trying to be wise."

I wiped that cluttered vision off
 And cleared the tears away,
 Then I recalled my constant plea
 Repeated yesterday:

"Let's buy that spacious lot behind
 And clear the weeds and shed,
 And make your park, and pool and stuff,
 I want your ego fed."

"No, Joe, our yard is big enough
 For one your age, Why law!
 You'd work another heart attack!
 You're stubborn as your pa!"

(1) Three quaking aspen trees that Mom insisted on having
 in their back yard.

Dear Violet:

A half a hundred years ago
 "The Lord of Vineyards" said,
 "Here's a potential garden spot—
 Pray use the years ahead

"To multiply, replenish, dig,
 To fertilize and prune,
 To irrigate and keep out tares
 (My coming may be soon)!"

"Be perfect, as My Father is

Forgive each one who harms,
 Expect heart aches and bitter tears,
 These heal with loving arms."

Well, dear, our time is running out,
 He'll be here any day,
 Our crops are thriving, green and full
 Good time to work and pray.

If we'll still dig and spray and prune,
 And try to still pull tares,
 Wonderful harvest will be ours,
 And His—He shares—He cares.

Lovingly,
 Joe



On our Golden Wedding Day
SPOILED HEBER AUGUST NIGHTS
AUGUST 24, 1971

I just woke up at five o'clock,
 My teeth were all a chatter,
 I sneaked as quiet as a mouse,
 I knew what was the matter.

One frozen toe I stole across
To prove my point, and Sister!
You'd turned your blessed "duel control"
From "torrid" up to "blister."

With pain I crept across the house
And muffed that cross-breeze shutter,
Just like I'd done at half-past-two,
I didn't dare to mutter.

Way back in great years (1) B.E.B.
I used to sneak 'em open
And then lie quiet, like a fox,
A smirkin' and a hopin',

And finally 'mid snores and sighs,
You, still asleep, would cuddle
Then we'd be warm and snuggle down
And we both loved that huddle.

While I was making up this verse
You stirred and sweetly sighed,
"I might have opened just a few,
Is it too cold inside?"

Vi, I'm just sure that "duel control"
Is what makes your arthritits,
If ever, once, the power goes off
Our love, again will light us.

Love,
Dad

(1) B.E.B. means before electric blankets.

HOMEMADE VALENTINES 1970

Dear Violet:

Your Valentines are all home-made,
Made by your lovely heart and mind.

I've never bought a lacy one,
I've scoffed the frills that most wives find.
Last night you said, when I spoke thus,
"Those dresses bought a week ago
Are Valentines, and so why fuss,
There's none as thoughtful as my Joe."

One Valentine in '29
Spoke volumes to my lovely wife,
"You gave this (1) babe two days ago—
A Valentine for all my life."

A half a hundred Valentines
You've made, like poor old (2) Mrs. Wiggs,
So, while I think myself to sleep,
Make Valentines of clumsy digs.

Love,
Joe

(1) Betty was born on February 12, 1929.

(2) Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

TO CLARA ON HER GOING TO PACIFIC GROVE TO TEACH SCHOOL AUGUST 13, 1955

(At the request of Inazelle, program chairman).

Well, Clara, my darlin', you're going away
To seek fame and fortune, and more.
They've asked me to toast you with one of my rhymes,
They frequently cut to the core.

We tried hard to love you the first seven months,
You cried! Was it pain? Or your way?
Your mama paid dearly, and so did your dad,
And the neighbors, by night and by day.

As a cute little girlie you helped Brother Guy,

Bishop Rasband's garage needed paint.
The color was "off," but the paint was put on—
I thought that your mother would faint.

Then "digging for goodies" or "kicking the can"
Or batting a ball through the glass,
Or using a "whammy," a black double one
On us or the kids or your class.

Your childhood was splendid, now naughty, now good—
You always made fun for us all,
At playing or singing you soon took the lead,
In the car or at camp, spring or fall.

At Tryol Lake or "Woof Crick" or Yellowstone Park,
Or the Fair on the Isle in the Bay,
You laughed and you pouted, but always made fun
For yourself and the rest all the way.

As ambulance driver, like all of the girls
You were wonderful helping your dad,
"Olpin Sisters," the title was Audrey's or yours,
Fun with problems, good humor, not bad!

At Grandma's the bathroom was your work of art,
You even got hung on the shower,
You flattened the mattress and fell in the sea,
And stunk with the rest for an hour.

Independent, ambitious, you haven't cost much,
You ushered, served tables and typed,
At high school and college and after your school,
And seldom you grumbled or griped.

I guess your first date was the lad with short sleeves,
Many dates came and went and still do—
The boy that you helped make a mission his goal,
The one that mixed dates up with brew.

The one that once tested—the true acid test—
Your love, could it stifle the smell
Of a fish truck in formal with pretty corsage?

It did, you were sweet, sweet and swell.

And now to Fort Ord to "look over the field"
And pay for the pots and the pans,
To play "hard to get" and to try out your wings,
Not angel wings. We are your fans.

Connecticut Yankee returns to his grind,
His ankle's quite well. See his tan,
It hides all the blush, like a cloud hides the sun,
And he'll yet be a "medicine man."

You seem quite at home when you meet with our clan,
You rescued our girls from their sleep,
Not second floor artist, but basement and stair,
Less romantic, but safer a heap.

Well kids, all our blessings go out with you two,
Don't rush, we're not desperate yet,
Keep God ever closer the higher you climb,
Be humble and never forget.

We'll try to keep home as a refuge of love,
Still simple and sweet, like your ma,
Come home, call collect, drop a line, send a snap,
All blessings are earned—that's the Law.

**CLARA'S "EGYPTIAN FLU"—
MAMA'S CONSTERNATION!
LAMESA, TEXAS 1968**

That fool "Egyptian Flu" barb,
You surely "put us on."
And "stood us up," for truly
Smart mother saw no dawn,

But wailed she had no doctor
To quiz on symptoms new,
Or nurse with "bowels of mercy"
To give a pal a clue.

She mused, "I know of Russian
And Asiatic stuff,
Now, do you suppose New England,
Like Texas, makes it rough

"On 'foreigners and strangers,'
And use terms 'off the books'?
Do doctors nomenclature
Strange maladies? The crooks!"

She takes rebuffs on doctrine
And meekly bows her head,
She bows to dictionary,
Takes hints on making bread,

But, Woman's Intitution!
(A blow below the belt),
A personal foul, a dirty trick!
Just men should thus be dealt.

"Poor Neb. and Pharoah had their dreams,
But prophets helped them out,
I could have been a prophetess,
And should have been, no doubt."

But we congratulate you both
On hopes and attitude,
And know that pains and nausea
Create sweet gratitude.

Clara had written to announce that she was expecting a
child, (Beverly) and decided to announce it via a current joke
she had heard: I have the Egyptian Flu—I am going to be a
mummy. She wrote the first part in a letter to them and after
several letter exchanges had to write the last part of the joke.
They had not caught on.

GEORGE AND INE'S SILVER WEDDING
APRIL 30, 1973
JUST A LITTLE FUN

Ine's sweet storytime drew a crowd,
At first she would tell them out loud,
Then, long after dark
Ghosts would come, dogs would bark,
And they'd hush and be frightened and cowed.

Then we'd have to take each kiddie home
And sooth fears of each of our own,
Now this sweet story-power
Teaches gospel each hour,
A teacher as good as we've known.

Warm your heart and watch Inazelle scrub
On a wall or a kid or a tub,
Just like dear Grandma Ine,
Every spot, every line
Is sure its had more than a rub.

As a peacemaker Ine is supreme,
She sooths conflicts like peaches and cream,
From her sweet faith and smile
You just know life's worthwhile
And your troubles are not what they seem.

On their honeymoon down in the south
Mean old "car trouble" opened its mouth
And swallowed their gold
And this story they told—
Wedding cake saved their lives from the drought.

After four years of rent, thoughtful Ine
Wanted George to get out of the mine,
"Dad, we want to build now,
(You can show us just how)
You're so smart and so wise and so fine."

So Guy, Knights and I, and the Lord
Prayed and worked over each piece of board,
And that bright miner lad
(What it needed, he had),
When you're building for love it's not hard.

Like the "Fiddler Up On the Roof,"
Or the ceiling or floor, you find proof,
That ex-miner "makes hay"
Every hour of the day
As he whistles the tunes of his youth.

When George catches a fish or a deer
The hillside or lake lends an ear,
He has so much fun
That we all want to run
To his side, we just love to be near.

Kenney's duck wondered how it would feel
To peck George instead of (1) LaPreal,
And when Georgie got through
Grandma made a duck stew.
That crime Bertha would never reveal.

Mission work, Sunday School, M.I.A.
Guide Patrol and cub scouts every day,
Softball games (women, too),
How to live, how to do,
You show your kids and others the way.

G. & G.

(1) LaPreal McKnight, George and Ine's next door neighbor
had been nipped by that duck before. When George received
his bite it was fatal for the duck. Their neighbor across the
street, Bertha Clyde, observed the whole scene including a
hot pursuit and the final demise of said duck.

GEORGE AND INE'S SILVER WEDDING APRIL 30, 1973

THE SEARCH FOR PRECIOUS GEMS

A young silver miner dug deep,
Dug for silver, but not just to keep
That white metal he'd spend
Every pay day on end,
What he sought interfered with his sleep.

He'd roam over his mountains, I'm told,
And through valleys and canyons and cold,
He was seeking a jewel,
But he wasn't a fool,
He would only trade silver for "gold."

Now we just chanced to have a shy maid
On the market, but I am afraid
Our price was too high
For that silver to buy,
We too wanted "gold" for that trade.

And "gold" was the goal of our Ine,
She and Betty were "funning," but fine,
If they couldn't find "gold"
They'd get ripe and grow old
Those wonderful daughters of mine.

This foursome with help from the Lord
Sought "gold" and they sought it real hard.
They didn't rush in,
Real good "brakes" helped them win
The love and respect we must guard.

Elder Kimball said, "Not for a day,
But forever, and ever, and aye."
If this "gem" we would win
We must trade the rest in
For the "Pearl of Great Price," that's the pay.

Love and Congratulations,
G. & G.

ON THE BIRTH OF LITTLE THAD
[PROSPECTIVE NAME]
JUNE 8, 1973

(Written early the next morning).

Dear Daughter Violet:

Your mother had a restless night,
Something disturbed her sleep,
She opened all the windows up,
She prayed, she counted sheep.

She turned her blanket on and off,
But didn't say a word.
This early morning, upside down,
Wrong bed, she hasn't stirred.

At last, a clue! My morning hunch,
Her vanity is hurt,
Near four score years she's ruled supreme
And now a little "squirt"

Has knocked her off her pedestal
With not just nine, but ten!
"At ninety Sarah had a son,
I guess I'm licked, amen!"

Our daughter dear, we stand amazed
At motherhood supreme,
Your calmness and your dignity
How sweet you always seem.

You sewed a dozen uniforms,
You came at daylight's ray
'Tho miserable you helped us all
On Decoration Day.

Our "messy genealogy,"
You wanted "just a look,"
'Tho Mother was most hesitant
Our "treasure box" you took.

"Dad, all that money we've paid out!
We ought to go and get it,
But, we can't hurt that darling girl,
I guess I'll just forget it."

But, "Lazy Vi," in her "spare time"
(She said her TV missed her)
Made treasure books from hopelessness,
This busy little sister

Has set the pace for all of us,
The rest are getting thrilled,
That night at Aud's we were so proud!
"Elijah's Spirit" spilled.

Love and Congratulations,
Dad

TO SHIRLEY IN THE HOSPITAL
JANUARY 10, 1973

Dear Shirley:

The "big house" without you is dead,
But it just don't "look natural," instead
We all look for your smile
So come home after 'while,
And take your place back at the "head."

When they took out that cyst or that tumor,
Pray the knife missed your sweet sense of humor,
And your "ambition bump"
And your "pitch ineey lump,"
Or we'll protest, and that's not a rumor.

Love,
G. & G.

JUNE'S CHRISTMAS 1961

Being now of mind sound, really getting around,
Well aware of my actions today,
I bequeath now to June, with my sweet wife in tune,
An inheritance, hear it I pray: